

# The Daily Reamer

VOLUME 69 NUMBER 21

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1972

MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WORTHLESS



Constantine I  
Ex Hojos Gratia Rex Mens et Manus

## 'Vator grabs editor; presumed consumed

By Paul St. John

Disconcerting rumors have reached *The Daily Reamer* in recent weeks that its former mangling editor, Ken Torpid, was abducted in broad daylight last Sunday night.

The following details were obtained through usually reliable garbage chutes at the Cambridge Sty:

"At 10 pm Thursday afternoon, Mr. Torpid, white male, blond hair, age 21, short, about 120 pounds, entered the MIT Student Center, large, concrete, age five, five stories tall, about 500 tons. Upon entering door, he pressed the elevator call button, in the up direction. He then purchased pipe tobacco in the Lobby Shop, wrote and mailed a twelve page letter to his family asking for money, had his coat cleaned and pressed, ate lunch in Lobdell, and returned to the first floor just in time to catch the elevator. It slipped momentarily from his grasp, following

which it managed to stop on the first floor. Mr. Torpid has not been seen since; nor has the elevator. After several fruitless attempts to bring the Center in for questioning, several officers were sent to the scene, but none could elicit any information from the imposing building, which may be arrested for obstruction of justice."

A high administration chancellor, who wished to remain unnamed, refused to comment on the case any further than to say, "No comment." He went on to add, of the record, that he thought that this was the "first in a continuing series of things that have been going on for a long time around here. But I think we've covered it up pretty well until now. I just hope that this is more than even you can over-simplify."

Authoritative sources in the Dean for Student Affairs office revealed that Torpid, although short, would still be missed, especially if he did not complete the 512-step authentication process within six weeks of the start of the term preceeding his disappearance, whichever comes first. Swinehart went on to note that he never knew Ken in the sense of calling him by first name, but that he was "naturally concerned by the sudden loss of someone who was so good, so right, so able to pay \$2900 per year in tuition."

High Slum School sources provided the original leak which led to this story, in the fourth floor men's lavatory. From there, it was a simple matter of a few confusing phone calls and a quick mis-quote or two to fill

Ken Torpid

## Slimonides coup climaxes late evening indiscretion

By Red Bater

Jerome Weasel was ousted as President of MIT in a lightning coup early this morning.

Vice-President Constantine Slimonides has been elevated to the throne by the plotters, who were partisans of former MIT strongman Howard Weasly Johnson. At his coronation tomorrow, Slimonides will assume the title of King Constantine I.

Weasel has been sent underground as radar officer of the North Andover ABM site.

The coup was apparently precipitated by Weasel's impending dismissal of Slimonides, who was caught passing secret documents to *The Daily Reamer* in a second-floor men's room. Slimonides, a power behind the old Johnson regime, was blowing the whistle on Weasel's plan to place a Dropper Labs Student Guidance System (SGS) remote control unit in the brain of each entering freshman.

A revolutionary junta was to have been established until Johnson's son was straight enough to assume the regency. However, in a characteristic move, Slimonides has exiled the entire Johnson family to Minnesota, where Howard Sr. will manage a chain of pool halls.

The coup began during a typically murky Boston dawn as New Wrong Coalition students blew up all approaches to MIT. Only the Harvard Bridge remained usable, since the spans are still afloat atop the Charles. The effete Eastern liberal estab-

lishment rushed in reinforcements but it was already too late.

Flying squads under the command of Campus Patrol Captain Jimmy Olive already had occupied radio station WTBS and the offices of *The Tech* and *The Daily Reamer*. The offices of *Turdsday* and *Ergot* had been mysteriously firebombed earlier in the day and their staffs have not been heard from since.

After silencing King Constantine's more vociferous critics, the new regime cut tuition to \$1,000 a year and promised to repave all dormitory floors in a blatant attempt to gain the allegiance of the legendary MIT tools. Skin flicks were to play around the clock, while Dean Dan Swinehart announced the regime's new entertainment policy would include "a girl in every bed and some pot in every chick." When reminded that MIT now enrolls women, Swinehart said "My policy remains unchanged."

Sporadic resistance only was encountered by junta troops due to the January IAP. Isolated pockets of opposition in the Humanities Building were stomped out when Campus Patrolmen attacked with surplus Mark XXXVIB Quadruped Shitkickers, borrowed from the Dropper Labs.

Utilizing the confusion engendered by the coup, the Cambridge Narcotics Squad busted every MIT dormitory, arresting

in excess of 7,000 students in pin-point raids. *The Reamer* is at present unable to assess the extent of the arrests due to a sudden shortage of staff.

The first news of the coup was released by the MIT mouthpiece *Tick Tock*. The specials, which had been prepared far in advance, scooped the other MIT papers to announce MIT's new ruler. MIT propaganda czar Bob Bought chortled gleefully as he handed the surprised Weasel his first notice of the coup.

Bought then announced that the new regime would assume control of all MIT newspapers so that "MIT can finally get unbiased reporting." As his last official action, Weasel returned MIT's document shredders to the RAND Corporation, claiming that they were obviously defective.

One casualty was incurred during the takeover of WTBS, where Gene Paul '74 was shot in the back while resisting arrest when he refused to relinquish control of the WTBS transmitter. Reportedly, Slimonides wished to announce the coup from Walker Memorial and to call friends in Athens for advice. However, as Paul slumped over the control panel with his last energy, he hit the "Destruct" button, thereby delaying Slimonides' plans and creating a new harbor on the Charles for the nearby MIT sailing team.

King Constantine has reached his rarified position astride

(Please turn to page 3)

## Fled News Ed. found dead

By Daneene Fry

The body of Reginald Stuart-Smythe '74, who disappeared Friday evening, was found yesterday afternoon. Informed Campus Patrol sources stated that Stuart-Smythe appeared to have met with foul play.

The body was recovered by a team of Campus Patrolmen who spent several hours dragging the moat around Kresge Chapel in response to an anonymous telephone call. The body was identified by staff members of another campus publication, *The Tech*, where Stuart-Smythe worked as a news editor.

According to staff members of *The Daily Reamer* who were present, the body had been cruelly hacked and sliced, apparently with an X-Acto knife. One such knife was found embedded in the corpse's back.

Blue-pencil markings were found around the corpse's mouth. Informed sources speculated that the tragedy might have had some connection with an incident some months ago in which Harvey Baker, at the time a *The Tech* news editor, was found unconscious with blue-pencil marks around his mouth. Baker recovered after his brain was pumped. According to Campus Patrolmen, spectroscopic analysis of the marks showed that the pencils involved were identical.

However, suggestions by *The Daily Reamer* that a pattern seemed to be emerging were met with chilly "No comment."

statements from Institute and Campus Patrol officials. Sources close to Dean for Student Affairs J. Daniel Swinehart indicated that the Dean's Office would investigate the affair.

Police have as yet been unable to discover a motive for the crime. According to co-workers at *The Tech*, Stuart-Smythe was quiet, unassuming, and beloved of his fellows. Newly-elected editor-in-chief Luigi Padini said, "He was a really big man," and business manager Len Toad recalled that, "He was always ready to extend his hand... I'm not sure just how we'll get along without him."

Stuart-Smythe's fiancée, Grabba Manstein '74, told reporters from *The Daily Reamer*

that she and Stuart-Smythe planned to be married either in June or next Christmas. She knew of no one who bore him any ill-will, sobbing "He loved everyone. He loved life... he was full of it."

According to Campus Patrol, rumors which linked Stuart-Smythe with Leon Pero '72 as partners in an illegal enterprise appear to have been false and malicious.

*The Tech* Bored Chairman Blob Milk'em announced that Stuart-Smythe's remains will be encased in plastic and placed in the newspaper's office along with mementoes of the dead man's journalistic skill as an example to future generations of newspapermen.



Three Campus Patrolmen (center) searching the Kresge Chapel moat for the body of Reginald Stuart-Smythe, *The Tech* news editor.

Photo by Sam Grund



Vidkun Makowskivic, former Eastern European bureau chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, will be on campus today and tomorrow interviewing seniors interested in working for "The Company" after graduation.

Makowskivic, who has worked in the open ever since his cover was blown by a Thai colonel three years ago, achieved public recognition last year when his exploits as a heroin-runner for CIA-owned Air America were dramatized in the film *The Bulgarian Inflection*.

## Thief nets headline in daring robbery

NAVAL ROTC  
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE  
OF TECHNOLOGY  
for immediate release:

Bilious H. Blofarts, a senior at MIT and a cadet in Naval ROTC there, has been awarded the Midshipman Arno D. Bryant award. The award, named for the late naval officer, who lost his life in the Korean Conflict, is given annually to the cadet who most exemplifies the ideals of naval science. Rear Admiral Robert H. Williams, who flew in from Bethesda Naval Hospital to present the award, said, in part:

"It is only young men like Blofarts who will guide America through the crises of confidence, domestic and imported, that threaten the sanctity of our land. And I am sure that when

the time comes for young Blofarts to lay down his life for the things he believes in, we will be right behind him giving the orders. By his obedience, his devotion to duty, the zeal with which he undertakes even the most distasteful of the tasks he must perform to win the approval of his superiors, he has shown all of us in Washington that he is the man to place our trust in."

Blofarts, after accepting the award with some show of emotion, attempted to make an impromptu reply, in which he stammeringly announced his intent of immediately seeking a hazardous combat position immediately upon his graduation, should the navy still be pursuing a war in Southeast Asia.

# Editor elopes with chimp

By Daneene Fry  
Society Editor

*The Daily Reamer* is pleased to announce the marriage of its arts editor, Rabid Churl '73, to Miss Pan Troglodyte, the noted actress formerly resident in the Bronx Zoo.

Mr. Churl had been missing since last week, giving rise to speculation that he had met with an accident, but these fears were confirmed when he appeared in *The Daily Reamer's* offices hand-in-tail with his stunning brunette bride. Characteristically modest, the new Mrs. Churl said little, leaving her husband's side only to swing from the ceiling vent fixtures.

Asked why they had chosen elopement over a more formal ceremony, Mr. Churl answered, "Her parents were very Neanderthal about it. We wanted to be married in June and they wanted us to wait until Christmas. We were simply ape over each other and couldn't stand to wait that long." Miss Troglodyte, sitting on Mr. Churl's shoulder, wrapped her tail around his neck in agreement.

The ceremony was a simple one, Mr. Churl said, as "Bishop Wilberforce officiated; we said our vows, exchanged bananas, and that was that." After the ceremony the bride, attired for traveling in a beautiful fur coat, accompanied the groom to a honeymoon hideaway in the Student Center Library.

Miss Troglodyte, before her marriage, was active in both motion pictures and television. She starred in several Walt Disney and National Geographic films before becoming a regular on the WTBS-TV series, "The Ape and I."

According to Miss Troglo-

dyte, she was originally attracted to Mr. Churl because of his strong resemblance to her grandfather, leader of a band of African gorilla fighters who attempted to liberate Portland from the Portugese in the early 1900's.

Miss Troglodyte will continue to appear on "The Ape and I." When asked how he planned to support a family while remaining a full-time student, Mr. Churl replied, "Trivial. I work for peanuts at *The Tech*."

The couple will reside at 410 Memorial Drive in Cambridge.



*Get Eaten  
at  
the  
Coop*

## BEVAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Bee-vers "Liberal Patina")



### GENE PAUL

ALIASES: Reginald Stuart-Smythe, Poor Shitter, Eugene Oregon, Paul St. John, P.E. Schindler Jr.

HOME: Varies.

AGE: Under.

PROFESSION: MIT Student, News Analyst.

HOBBIES: Bestiality, Feasing Torts, Graft and Corruption, Occasional Necrophilia.

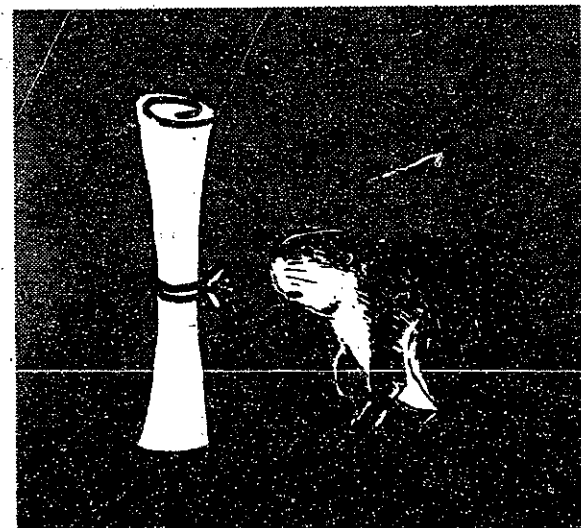
LAST BOOK READ: "Any Woman Can."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Successfully bred with primates of different species.

QUOTE: "May I call you Dr. Johnson, HoJo?"

PROFILE: Gutsy. Stupid. Disarmingly Ugly. His sometimes infantile manner makes him a definite ass to any organization.

EDUCATION: Bevar's "Liberal Patina."



**Authentic.** There are more than a thousand ways to select a freshman class at MIT, but few have that "liberal patina." The standards we set down in 1968 have changed — we don't buy any more unusual types that tend to go sour. Into each class go only the finest gnurds from the Midwest, the industrial middle Atlantic, and Middle America.

*Bevar's never changes*

USED

GOAT  
FOR  
SALE

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT

The Daily  
Reamer



# The Coup in words and pictures ...

(Continued from page 1)

Mother Institute only through an arduous process of opportunism and compromising. Before the ink was dry on Weasel's exile orders, Slimonides was on the phone to Washington. As a result, long-dormant files on student activists have been laid prostrate before an avaricious Justice Department and a formal liaison has been established between the Campus Patrol and the FBI.

500 students have been given work-study jobs as 15-hour per week CIA informers, while

another five hundred have been hired by the FBI to watch the CIA people. Bell Telephone has announced that it too will hire MIT students. While Ma Bell won't reveal the nature of the jobs so as not to compromise her upright position, *The Reamer* has learned that the students will develop undetectable telephone bugs and advanced models of the Student Pacification System.

According to a report in this morning's *Boston Horrid Travesty*, the Nixon administration has granted diplomatic recognition to Constantine I's new MIT

regime. Vice-President Spiro Agnew will make a state visit to attend the coronation of King Constantine and to offer MIT several hundred million dollars in economic aid, primarily in new missile contracts for the Dropper Labs.

Sources within the State Department have suggested that Nixon covertly offered MIT a small arsenal of 'defensive' nuclear weapons; however, the junta declined the offer telling Nixon "What do you think we've been doing at our reactor? Cooking bagels?"



MIT Campus Patrolmen under the direction of Captain Jimmy Olive (facing camera) secure the area near Walker Memorial during the early hours of the Slimonides coup. Note bullet holes in the

East Campus building at left. Moments after this picture was taken, the Campus Patrolmen siezed the left-wing hippie at right, questioned him under torture for several minutes, and executed him.

Photo by Circ File

## Buggering Ram

On his desk lay an unfinished letter scoring President Nixon's economic policy. He would never complete it.

AS HIS MEN greased and readied the ram, General LeMning explained his mission. Weasel, he said, had sufficiently established his (and by extension, MIT's) liberal patina; now, it was time for control to be reasserted. The others around the table nodded; they had undergone the same treatment. It was part of the initiation procedure to high office, this submission to a treatment that would induce loyalty to contract-bestowing organizations. The ram, he explained, simply allowed proper and instantaneous injection of the chemical into the delicate neural patch surrounding the prostate gland, after which the treated subject would require periodic doses of a tobacco additive, without which he would experience hideous symptoms of withdrawal. Weasel would receive subsequent supplies of this drug through his tobacconist.

Addledman returned with Weasel. Swinehart gave him the Coke; he groveled in the corner, sucking at the precious liquid. The four men in flak suits quickly bent Weasel over the table; the ram found its mark, and it was all over.

Weasel spoke one sentence: Edward Teller was right, and swooned.

It was three pm. The halls of the Institute were

filled with stoned students and little cigar butts. The administrators slipped away unnoticed, rinsing their mouths with praise before leaving the men's room.

ONE WEEK LATER, Weasel endorsed Richard Nixon for re-election.

AT NO TIME during the occupation had the door from the men's room, which opened directly on the corridor, been guarded by a campus patrolman. It was through this door that the buggering ram, Weasel, Addledman and the conference table were removed sometime during the following afternoon.

For some reason, Weasel's fate is a matter of rumor. The rumors do not agree on the manner in which he was returned to his duties. One story contends that he was released on the Harvard Bridge and, since it was October 15, marched all the way to Boston Common before realizing that it was 1971, not 1969. It seems more likely, though, that he was found by Campus Patrolmen searching for a fourteen-year-old runaway.

But there are some who remember that in October of 1971, there was no moratorium at all. Autumn was apathetic that year.

Part XIV of 43 parts ...

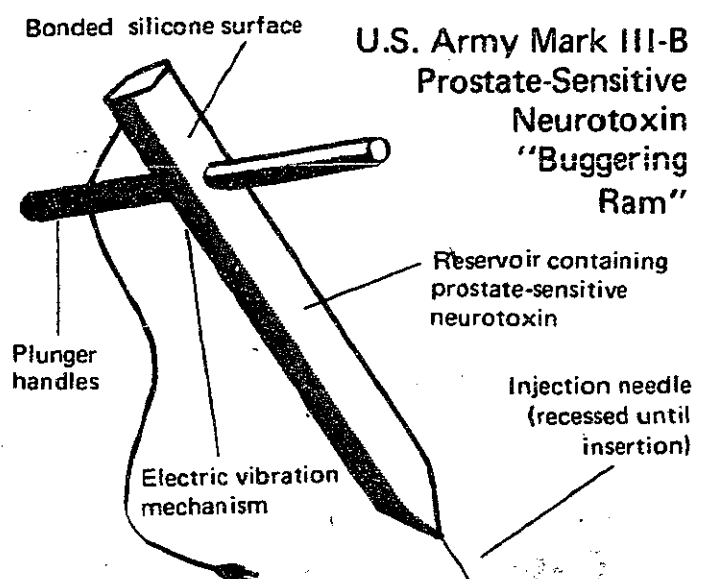


In the picture at the top right, members of the Slimonides public relations staff pose for *The Daily Reamer*. They are, from left, Bob Bought, head of the new MIT Propaganda Office, Jean Grinder, editor of the house organ *Tick Tock*, and the Wicked Witch, of IAP.

The picture above right depicts King Constantine I caught in the act of passing secret documents to *The Daily Reamer*. Note Jerome Weasel's pipe at the left side of the picture. Constantine's secretary, shocked and shamed at being caught in such a compromising situation, is attempting to escape.

She did not get far.

Top photo: Ratphoto  
Bottom photo by Pshaw! Basket





Volume LXIX, No. 21

Wednesday, February 2, 1972

• Bored of Directors  
 Blob Milkem, Squirt  
 Luigi Padini, Jiggler  
 Sandy Colon, Mangling Editor  
 Len Toad, Money Grubber  
 Ken Torpid, Come On  
 Daneene Fry, Society Editor  
 Walt Creek, Copy Scrounger  
 Reginald Stuart-Smythe,  
 Ugly Duckling  
 Blad Dilldeaux, Jock Filler  
 Rabid Churl, Wimp  
 Sheldon Lowerdrawer,  
 Fixer  
 Oh Tannenbaum, Smile  
 Sherry Globstein,  
 Ever Present Companion  
 Mitchell Tiredfag, Also Ran  
 Nakir Minazian, Wise Jock Emeritus  
 Slo Krasher, Holyoke Bureau  
 Martin Schiz, Square Peg  
 Falax Makrupskvi, Mass. Ave.  
 Carnal McGuile, Of an Evening  
 Neal Vitalis, Goat Grease  
 Pecker Petarsky, Blechh  
 Sheila Kline, Body Beautiful  
 Production Staff:  
 nameless and unfounded  
 News staff:  
 ?  
 Olds staff:  
 ?  
 Disporting jocks:  
 Wassermann Loveletter, I.T. Brook  
 Guy La Fleur, Byron Grunch  
 Artsy-fartsy:  
 P. St. John, Jay Polak

# Op-Ed page Deficit IV

By Lee Jiggler

*The Tech* is a twice-weekly tabloid, oblivious of the ongoing concerns of the MIT Community. It is an established medium, widely scanned in search of its coverage. But we have wondered how to provide a forum for persons who can write. We plan in February to inaugurate an op-ed page, and begin soliciting for copy from outsiders.

During the recent "Crisis in Faith," we might have done much to alleviate the problem by perhaps asking some prominent faculty members to write for us about their religious beliefs, and our printing of these tracts, no more than two thousand words long, where one word is believed around here to be a string of five characters of the sort commonly found on typewriters, might have served to bring out the ethnic, political, and racial differences of the MIT community, to bring out viewpoints which might not ordinarily be listened to.

Instead, I covered many stories myself. In discussing homosexuals on campus, I wrote, "Every person should be permitted to develop his or her own sexual identity." And, in discussing reforms in undergraduate education, I said, in part, "Every student should be permitted to develop his or her own educational identity."

We want to have as little to say about the editorial content as possible. Believing as we do that in a free university, all voices must be heard, we hope with this page to allow the participants in news events to write their own news stories, in their own words, without meddling from reporters and news editors, who would only get in the way, and who would obscure the rhetoric, which we will now present straight from the mouths of the opinionated.

After all, I'm sick of people yelling at me when we try to turn their stuff into prose that scans. And after a few hundred words, I kind of peter out and want to throw it all up myself.

## Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I understand that there is some possibility that one certain Bruce Martin, formerly some sort of editor for your publication, has some chance of being reinstated to an editorial position at some time in the near future. I am writing to apprise you of Mr. Martin's character, lest you unwittingly place this foul man in a position of trust and responsibility.

I know for a fact that, a few months ago, Mr. Martin, while driving a borrowed car to Wellesley — he often went there, ostensibly to audition for roles in amateur dramatic productions — by some freak accident ran over a deer that had wandered across a road just outside that bucolic campus.

He stopped the car — really, he couldn't continue, with the mangled deer entangled in the grillework — and stepped out to examine his work. He appeared to be pained, but, upon examining the deer, he pulled apart its hind legs, and suddenly, giving an excited whistle, unzipped his blue jeans, and, pulling out his enormous member, commenced violating the maimed corpse, all the while wriggling his buttocks in the lewdest manner imaginable.

While engaged in this devil's pleasure, he was interrupted by a squeal of alarm, which had issued from one of a pair of Wellesley students who had come upon this dirty tableau. Having been raised in a respectable manner, they were obviously distraught at the scene that presented itself.

Mr. Martin, who had wedged his head in where his tool had probed instants before, looked with blood dribbling down his sensuously-curling lips upon this fresh supply of flesh, and, nimbly jumping from his labours at the deer's carcass, had his foul arms wrapped around the more buxom of the two before either could protest — doubtless, they had been sufficiently weakened by their sight of Mr. Martin that they were incapable of much resistance anyway. Mr. Martin now announced that, since the deer had left him unsatisfied, he wished the Wellesley student to perform some horrible act upon him, and with that, he began with a demonic laugh to pry her lips apart.

In our last episode, we left J. Daniel Swinehart in his office moaning. He has just realized that he is going to be cut by as much as eight percent, though his friends in the administration are not telling him exactly how much.

Just before we closed last time, his faithful secretary had entered to tell him in a tearful voice that *The Tech's* dastardly news editor, "Cerebral" Paul E. Schindler, had revealed all sorts of horrifying misleading information in the latest issue of the undergraduate newspaper.

And now, he was going to make a few more phone calls and obtain a few more quanta of misinformation.

"Relax," said Paul in a soothing voice,

## In Your Shoe

By Pecker Petarsky

My work takes me to many far-off corners of the campus, and while I'm sitting in plush chairs in the outer offices of lower-echelon administrators, I not infrequently find myself picking up a copy of the latest *Reader's Digest* and reading it.

You know, in my busy life, full of over-long irrelevancies and speculations on national and international matters far above my competence, I often find myself leafing through "Life in These United States," looking for those little pieces of inspiration that so often are the making

"the amazing facts I obtain won't cost you your job," and, playfully chucking the secretary under her chin, he allowed his hand to slip down the pleasant curve of her back.

"Don't you think you're moving a little... too fast?" quavered the secretary. "Perhaps you should think things out before —"

"Nonsense!" the dynamic young editor replied. "Why, when I find out a fact, I don't feel right until I've printed it. My investigative reporting..." He stiffened with anticipation; he had found a button...

(The fifth in a series of articles on the MIT deficit will appear in our next issue.)

—Editor

of my pieces; the little *soupcou* that makes the difference between a smugly irrelevant 50-incher and a droning, incompetent 80 or even 120 inches of unwanted copy.

But, just once, years and years ago, I found a copy of *The New York Times* in a puddle near Harvard Square, which the wind had blown open to the editorial page. Boy, a person must be real smart to be able to read all those grey words, without any pictures, and nobody in all the world allowed to abridge it. It must be real neat to be somebody like James Reston.

## ...Views Institute Future

By Paul Schindler

*The Tech*: May I call you HoJo, Dr. Johnson?

*Dr. Johnson*: Uh, no, Paul, I think you'd better call me Dr. Johnson.

*The Tech*: Disturbing information has reached *The Tech*, which, if true, heralds the approach —

*Johnson*: Oh, yes, that reminds me. Is it true that MIT is going to discontinue undergraduate education? You know, they stuck me in this office away from all the others and they never tell me what's going on.

AD: Johnson views Institute future

AD: Johnson views Institute future

By Joe Kashi

*The Tech*: May I call you Dr. Johnson, HoJo?

*Dr. Johnson*: Uh, no, Joe, I think it would be better if you'd call me HoJo.

*The Tech*: Is it possible that you might in the foreseeable future write a recommendation for me? I've applied to five —

*Johnson*: Well, what do you think about that, Joe?

*The Tech*: Well, you know, I've been unable to do much since the explosion at CIS, which destroyed a textbook I'd left in the second stall. You know, I had my office up there — Oh, what time is it?

*Johnson*: 2:43.

*The Tech*: I'm sorry, I have to run. I'm doing a story for *The New York Times*. Look, I'll try to get back in a half hour.

*Bob Byers, MIT PR, emerging angrily from the next room*: Oh, why don't you go barnyard epithet yourself, Kashi?

AD: Johnson views Institute future

By Michael Feirtag

*Walter Milne*: Now, I'm not speaking for Dr. Johnson, you understand, but, you know, Dr. Johnson is a man who likes to look forward into the future and not backward into the past.

*The Tech*: I'd still like to see him. I don't understand why you can tell me that he doesn't want to see me, but you won't give me an appointment or refuse to.

*Milne*: Well, I'll see what I can do.

\* \* \*

*The Tech*: Can I call you Dr. Johnson, Dr. Johnson? ... I've still never found out what you were doing in Florida.

*Dr. Johnson*: Well, now, that's a very complicated question, heh heh, and it has a very complicated answer, heh heh, which may be none of your business, heh heh heh. But about what you're asking. You know, the incident you refer to happened too long ago to be news, but not long enough ago to be history, and I think you've already devoted more attention to it than it's worth. ...

—30—

This space left blank  
 in memory of  
 our inspiration and  
 guiding light,  
 who disappeared  
 into the outer  
 darkness of  
*Technology Review*  
 and was never  
 seen again.

(Mr. Martin replies: The deer was alive.)





Photo by Chris Brooks

# Bugging Ram: The Occupation of the President's Orifice, October 15, 1971 —XIV

By Mitchell Tiredfag

Repudiated 1972 by Michael Feirtag

**S**HORTLY forenoon Friday, October 15, 1971, a demonstration began in the lobby of Building Ten of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A film of sorts was being displayed, including a clip in which a Midwestern university athlete, clad in a sweatsuit, illustrated the vigor imparted by the smoking of a particular brand of little cigars. Several cardboard boxes carried "Free Sample" signs, as did a young woman costumed as Miss America and labelled Tijuana Smalls.

As students sampled the wares, the great hall, which is also known as the Richard MacLaurin building and bears the names of MIT's dead in two World Wars, rapidly filled with an oddly un-tobaccolike fragrance. The odor attracted several hundred people, who were quickly reduced by the smoke to a state of euphoric somnolence. Hundreds of semi-inert, lolling bodies soon choked the corridor, blocking the main passage to those students who wished to reach their classes. Campus patrolmen who arrived on the scene were stricken down by the fumes as well, and soon lay among the students, unable to hear or respond to the frantic attempts of their superiors to contact them through their squacking, crackling call boxes.

In the confusion no one noticed the arrival at the Institute of four persons wearing flight helmets and flak suits. They carried a three-foot length of metal, two inches in diameter, coated with a bonded silicone lubricant and tipped with a small hypodermic spray injector. Entering through the basement of Building Ten, they took the elevator to the second floor, and turned right toward Building Three, which contained the office of the President and the Chairman of the Corporation, whose expensive hardwood doors had given the corridor its nickname: "Teakwood Row." A Campus Patrolman silently ushered them into the offices. They had not been seen. It was 12:15.

**O**N March 5, 1971, the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that it had selected then-provost Jerome Weasel to be the next president of the Institute. He would fill the vacancy left by Howard Weasly Johnson's ascension to the Chairmanship of the Corporation. HoJo, a resolute crisis manager with the morality of the amoeba, which lives eternally without appeal to ethics or principles, had narrowly steered the Institute through two years of student unrest and demonstrations, culminating in the obstreperous picketing of the Instrumentation Laboratory by the November Action Coalition. The Corporation had loved HoJo well enough, but the selection of his successor was another matter.

Though the cliché of the irrelevant intellectual had become in the late sixties an icy perception by many students of the illusion of the university (the lie that the student is free for four years to pursue truth; the pretense that the professor is anything other than a farmer raising fodder for American society to digest), the illusion was still cherished by most of the faculty. HoJo had managed to sustain the image of MIT, but

barely. The Corporation also sensed that the faculty had wearied of the managers; they wanted an academic in the presidency.

In light of this desire to provide liberal patina, the choice of Weasel was a good one. Weasel, at least, had an academic stature (about 5'8") and a respect among the faculty, that HoJo did not — Weasel was one of them in a way that HoJo, from the Slum School, could not possibly be. His election was duly announced, after a spurious search process designed to generate publicity and co-opt student inputs, and the Corporation decided to allow him free rein until his inauguration in October.

After that — they had a plan.

**I**T HAD BEEN an uncertain morning on Teakwood Row. HoJo's then principal pseudopod, Constantine Slimonides, had heard cackling laughter emanating from the men's room opposite the office of the outgoing Corporation Chairman, Jim Killagain. Investigating, he discovered Dean for Student Affairs John D. Swinehart, Associate Provost Institute Gray, Faculty Chairman P.T. Martin and others, clustered around a conference table. HoJo, who presided, explained to the latecoming Slimonides that the meeting was taking place in the men's room because the President's office had been bugged. Crabs deposited by rampaging hippies during the January occupation a year previous had rendered the room unbearable.

The table contained a selection of wares from Copulation Hacking Associates of North Carolina. There were no active files in either President HoJo's or Chairman Killagain's offices, and the safes — a small one from the president's office, a larger one from the chairman's — were sticky; they had been used. Swinehart flushed them down the urinal while HoJo explained the purpose of the conclave.

Rosenblather, a few feet down the table, watched a curious expression on his face.

**T**HE GRIM MEN around the hastily erected table in the john did not know it, but they were being observed through a grating high up in the wall of the men's room. The night previous, former UAPig Well Addledman (aka The Purple Pimpernel), his mind at last destroyed by years of addiction to Coca-Cola and greasy student politics, had crawled into one of the Institute's massive ventilating ducts, hoping to there perish in the superheated exhaust from the executive suite. By chance, good or bad, he instead groped his way toward the men's room, where he fell asleep, only to be awakened by the polysyllables of bureaucrats resonating in his tortured eardrums.

Addledman surveyed the tableau through the grating in astonishment, then settled down to listen. Though his mind was wrecked, he would still be capable of recording every impression of the next several hours, and to later replay them, reciting mechanically for hours on end, to a journalist friend who would buy him Coke.

**H**OJO explained the purpose. Weasel, he said, had been given rein long enough. The Corporation wanted him under control. A delegation from the top management (for HoJo himself was, in a way, a figurehead) was soon to arrive. A diversion — the demonstration — had been arranged. No one would observe the team's arrival. The only problem would be getting Weasel into the meeting. HoJo had decided to appeal to Weasel's liberal patina; he wanted to dispatch P.T. Martin to Weasel's office with a message summoning the newly-inaugurated president to a caucus that would endorse George McGovern for President of the United States. On the way, Martin would claim the need to relieve himself, and enter the men's room, with Weasel in his wake.

P.T., said HoJo, of course you'll do this. (HoJo cannot remember the incident)

No, replied Martin, it was not appropriate that he do that. He had no need to relieve himself.

Swinehart volunteered to summon Weasel. He was about to leave when Addledman sneezed. The force of the blast blew out the grating, and Addledman rolled out of the duct, fell to the floor, and collapsed in a heap, croaking, "Coke. Coke."

Slimonides' face fell. HoJo sat in it. There was a rather horrible silence. HoJo began to speak, then stopped. There was a long pause.

Here we have been consulting with you students, HoJo finally said. Why have you gone off on your own and done something like this?

Coke, groaned Addledman.

Swinehart was sent off to locate twelve ounces of the life-giving liquid. Before giving it to Addledman the bureaucrats demanded he carry the message to Weasel, whose liberal patina would surely not ignore a request tendered by a student. Addledman gulped.

Welcome to the big time, Waddley drawled.

**T**HE FACULTY knew nothing, as usual, and even if they had it would have made no difference.

At 2:30 pm the delegation carrying the pipe-like object crossed the hall to the men's room. They were not observed. Inside the room their leader, a corpulent ex-vice presidential running mate of George Wallace who had once received the following placatory letter from HoJo:

I am of course deeply sorry that you have come to the conclusions you have expressed in your recent letter to me. I think that you would find that the loyalty of MIT students and faculty to this country is at the same high level it has always been. You should be aware that the level of research and support of US government aims carried on by MIT is higher now than it has ever been in its history . . .

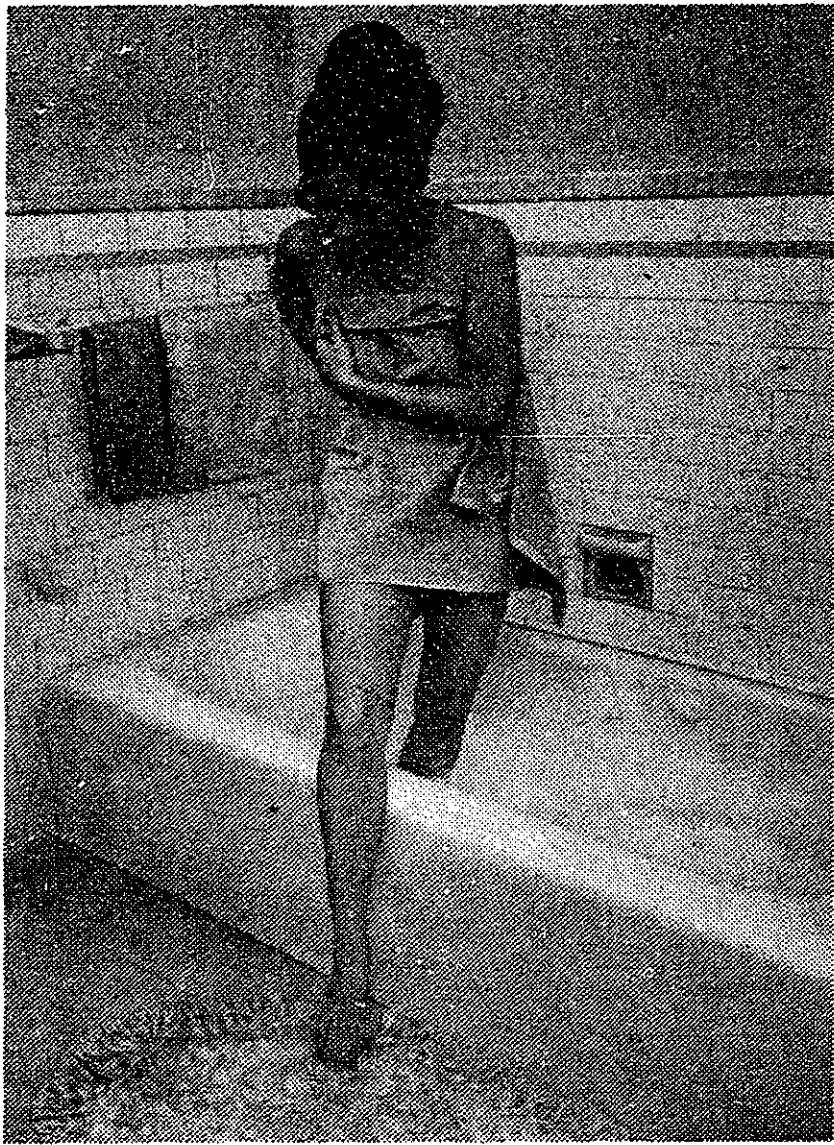
removed his helmet. General Kurt LeMning ordered his assistants to ready the ram.

Weasel, suspecting nothing, was already on his way with Addledman. He eagerly described his plans for educational reform and information processing.

The quality of life, he confided to Addledman, was an elusive factor. Only bit by bit, he said, could feeling men lovingly retrieve it.

(Please turn to page 3)

# PORNO



This picture has nothing to do with any of the stories on this page.

Last week, a record company which buys large ads and gives away lots of free records brought to Boston one of their least-talented artists, whose arrival was covered in a blizzard of press releases and near-pornographic photographs. Pictured here is someone else entirely stepping into a bathtub backwards.

## wreckordings:

### Revolution: Woodstock

*Revolution* — Slimonides and the Slickers (MIT Press)

Along with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Slimonides probably holds the record for the most extensive and devastating personnel changes. HoJo has long since departed to run pool halls in Minneapolis; that old gang of his have each gone off in a corner to form their own groups and commit unnatural acts.

Some of these acts will be appearing in Boston soon, and if they come up with free tickets, we'll blow them...

Slimonides seems to be on the right musical track this time, what with his recent series of successful maneuvers, but there is some real question as to whether or not this track goes anywhere. With a steady hand on the wheel, he may run down this reviewer.

The outstanding cut on this album is "New England Ripoff City," which buys the album for \$1 and sells it for \$3.98. Some other good cuts go to the Massachusetts Association of Financiers and Industrial Advisors, who buy the records for distribution at \$.50 each. The worst cut on the album is "The Artist" who gets \$.01½ per side sold.

This album is a definite step in the right direction, and we urge you to go out and buy a copy or two. See the full page ad elsewhere in this issue for details.

—Neal Vitalis

*Woodstock 8* (Capitall)

At last comes a record that truly captures the actual spirit of the legendary Music and Arts festival which marked one of the high points of the late 1960's. Capitall records must be complimented on its uncanny insight in capturing the essence of the event as it really happened. They have the nerve to cut through the pretension which went under the name of music there and present a far more realistic

soundtrack which is a much better description of the festivities than the previous seven volumes which have come out.

The stereo sound is a little muddy; however, this doesn't prevent such outstanding performances as "Please Get Off the Towers" and "Medicine", the latter containing some of the most insightful rock lyrics written to date (to wit, "Joanna, go meet Jimmy, he has your medicine/Charley, go down to the stage, Sally has your pills").

Producer Phil Expector also did a truly remarkable job on the mantra-like "Acid, Speed, Grass" chant which fills sides four and five. The Groovy Way Dealers were never in better form and the whole effect is very hypnotic and dreamy, almost inducing a drug-like stupor to the listener. This forms a perfect interlude between the bathers' songs at the stream and the thunder and rain segments. The sounds especially good in quadraphonic, and the album is greatly enhanced by the four speaker sound, which actually creates the impression that you are really seated in a field, with nothing except slime and smelly bodies for as far as the eye can see.

People have praised the Woodstock Festival for being the ultimate rock festival, with the music and the great gathering of the people as being a tribute to the unity of the generation. Let it now be praised for what it really is: proof positive that, given the promise of a lot of dope and music, half a million kids will suffer through the tyranny of nature at its worst, of Malthus at his realization, of such organic surroundings as overflowing human excrement and filthy water and then can be intimidated into proclaiming that they actually enjoyed it. The record is a tribute to that ideal. It is well worth the \$32 it sells for.

—Jay Polak

## mush:

### Arts heads: banal retentive?

By P. St. John

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, and I think it was Barnes in the *Sunday Times* that said: "What a fine movie this isn't." And certainly, he could have said it no better than I.

Seldom have I ever seen a movie. Which moved me more than this one did? My seat or my line of sight? One can't be sure, but in a theatre like this one, every thing that distracts from the boredom on the screen is helpful.

The photography (originally 4mm with a Brownie specially adapted to shoot color film and almost synchronous sound) was, as is usual for movies I see, good enough for me. The editor's marks which were left on the film, and the occasional piece of countdown leader did not detract from the plot. But then, one cannot be too picky about these small faults. Especially if

one wishes to continue to get free tickets to films in this town.

At \$3 a toss, money spent on this film could be put to better use igniting old copies of *The Daily Reamer* and *Sunday Gross-out*. Films like this, as the old saying goes, should let sleeping dogs lie.

This refers mainly to the female lead, who should be returned to the kennel from which she was borrowed for the shooting. It might be interesting to follow the trial of the man who, upon seeing the opening night premiere of this film, did the shooting. I for one, do not care to dwell on personal matters of the mind. In any case, a nut is a nut.

This bomb, this turkey, this unmitigated insult to the celluloid which was wasted in its shooting, may set the motion picture industry back 100 years. A director of taste and perception would burn the negative

and every print. (As a matter of fact, unless it was merely an arty effect, it appears that an unsuccessful attempt was made to burn up the print being shown in Boston.) As it is, the only thing which gets burned is the audience.

On the other hand, this movie did have some redeeming features. It is being shown in a very nice theatre, and some of the performances are outstanding. Most of the cast managed the rare and difficult feat of simultaneously imitating a tree while speaking in a monotone for a full 90 minutes. This moved the audience to the unheard-of feat of simultaneous revulsion.

But I would strongly recommend that all of you see this film. It might well be one of the ten best of 1972, and is certainly the best movie around now.

-30-

NOTE: Do not cut the last paragraph, whatever you do. It's the only thing that will save my freebie tickets. Also, please

## belles lettres:

### Tiredfag: written out?

By Rabid Churl

Mr. Tiredfag's latest letter of application fairly reeks with an almost preternatural (albeit modal) sense of the ultimate debilitation of the human organism. This is not to say that it is without "redeeming" insights, as it were, into the dark, labyrinthine and aesthetically unostentatious *faux pas de deus ex machina* that comprise the collective retentive mental anii of Middle America; to the contrary, it is (and I say this unreservedly) teeming with a myrmecophagous, rasorial flora that would not dare to infest the intestinal tract of a pig, let alone the latter-day Pygmalion who, in Messieurs Tiredfags bemused mythogeny, represents the Original Sin of statutory rape.

The sensitive reader will no doubt fail to overlook the convoluted passages, midway in the foreskein of metaphorical yarn that he weaves to conceal himself with Persean mantle, wherein he foments his inevitable

veiled references (at once the most profound and nonsensical of the opus) to Freudian overtones of the Dreyfus Affair. This bit of whimsy aside, he proceeds to confound and constipate (no shit!) the very Constitution of these United Frigates.

Oftimes, late at night in the editorial orifices of *The Daily Reamer*, the well-known anecdote is told (to the accompaniment of many knowing smiles and hebephrenic grins) of that now-forgotten time, those halcyon days, when old "In-Your-Shoe" Tiredfag would relate to any patsy, fartsy, or otherwise horny bastard who would listen the story of his short-lived tenure on our Faire Earthe. Perhaps it was inevitable that Mother Institute should spew him forth in one of her periodic excrecences known euphemistically as "graduations." Perhaps it was his fault, for not divining this rite. Nevertheless, he was our swamp gas, and is greatly to be missed.



## SCREW HER, NOT YOURSELF

Order "Novelty" Contraceptives  
By Mail (in a lurid, gaudy envelope)

"Pla-cee-bo" Realistic-Looking Birth Control Pills  
99.95% ineffective

"Mr. Bubble" Harmless, Non-Toxic Contraceptive  
Foam Comes with "Buzzer" Plunger

"Oops!" Breakaway Condoms  
Here's your chance for an Academy Award!

"Jack-in-the-Box" Hilarious Pop-Out  
Intra-Uterine Devices

Copulation Hacking Assoc.  
84 Mass. Ave. W20-475  
Cambridge, Mass. 02139  
Please rush me the following  
at no risk to myself:  
☐ Mini-sampler containing  
2 "Oops!", 1 Jack-in-the-Box,  
Plus illustrated brochure, \$79.  
☐ Deluxe sampler with a  
dozen of each, \$395.  
☐ Illustrated brochure on-  
ly, \$29.95.

name (please print)

address

city

state

zip?

D 69



## Rockit-Powr Personal Vibrator

SPACE AGE TECHNOLOGY  
BROUGHT HOME TO YOU

In the privacy of any room in your own home, you can now enjoy the benefits of modern space technology with the *Diljo!* Rockit-Powr Personal Vibrator. Good for tired neck and back muscles, this device requires no batteries or AC/DC. 3 feet long, 4 inches in diameter, the vibrator has a coating of non-stick "Teflon 2." In the car or on the beach, this personal portable device will provide you with many hours of pleasure. Available in your choice of decorator colors. Call 864-6900, ext. 3791, to order your Vibrator, TODAY!



# Headline counts; still short

**By Guy LaFleur**  
 Professorial Assistant Coach Martin Benjamin retired today after twenty-three years as head coach of the varsity hockey and lacrosse teams. Although his lacrosse teams were generally successful, the hockey teams have set what must be an invincible modern record: twenty-three years without a win.

Upon accepting a gold watch and a pair of double runner skates, Benjamin coughed, "Well, maybe now I'll finally have a chance to learn how to

use these things." Of course, he was kidding in his inimitable fashion; as everyone knows, he already knows how to tell time.

Benjamin then went into a short three-hour monologue about his favorite moments of coaching at MIT, punctuating his comments with an occasional hiccup. He then disclosed plans for a forthcoming book, to be called, "Hit 'em At the Blue Line," or, alternately, "Coach, I Tried." Receipts will be used to finance several lawsuits still pending from the unfortunate

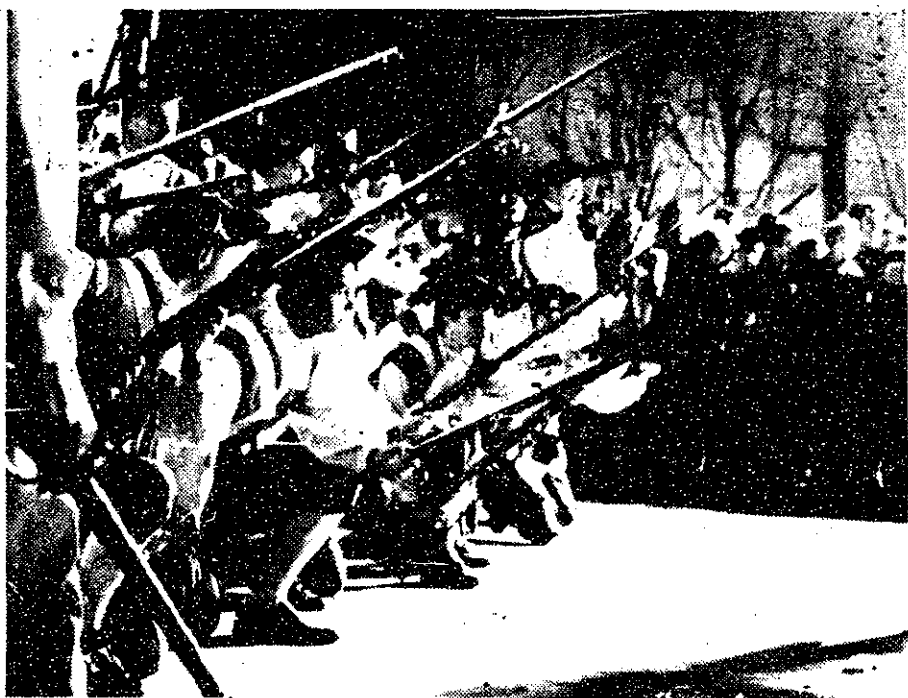
accident of the 1970 season, in which three players suffered facial burns resulting from an explosion which allegedly occurred when Coach Benjamin lit a cigarette in a confined area, and the fumes ignited.

In recent years, the quality of MIT sports, and hockey in particular, has decreased notably. A decade ago, MIT was scheduling teams like Harvard and BU; only two weeks ago, the varsity lost a 9-0 decision to the Connecticut School for the Blind. Apparently the lack of vision helped the blind pucksters as half of their passes went to the intended receiver and half went to the opposing Beaver wings. All of MIT's passes found their way directly onto the sticks of the other team.

Coach Benjamin has been drilling the team on basics like not checking teammates, shooting the puck past the other goalie, skating with the stick in one's hands instead of wedged into some other part of one's anatomy, and tying skate laces. These efforts have borne fruit as was evidenced during recent games.

Against Nickels Academy, the team allowed only one goal in the process of changing on the fly. It seems that two of the players coming on the ice had properly laced their skates while the third had not. He tripped.

Next week, the team will begin practice on checking opponents instead of teammates.



The MIT rifle team prepares for their Sunday match against Harvard. MIT's high-calibre shooters are heavy favorites in the contest.  
 Photo by Seldom Careatall

# Things your mother wouldn't tell you...

**By Mitchell Tiredfag**  
*(It is probably The Daily Reamer that popularized the use of ridiculous pseudonyms, or unsigned, libelous, poorly written snipes written by one staff member about another. All of which has nothing to do with the release of A Factual Defile of MIT, a mammoth collection of thinly veiled administration lies, gathered together too late to be of use to the MIT Omission, under whose aegis it was conceived. Now it is possible to gorge oneself on MIT's vital statistics for the first time. The following is a sampling from the Defile.)*

Since 1960, the division of professorial staff between 50% competent, 50% incompetent, and 9% unable to find 26-100 has remained about constant. Before 1960, the percentage of students actually learning anything declined, as did MIT's commitment to undergraduate

education (in inverse proportion to the tuition charged). The fall was at the expense of the students, who only provided 20.2% of the income at that time anyway. Through the 28 years since 1948 (the era of MIT's imperialist expansion) the ratio of staff interest remained almost constant at 90% research, 10% money and 5% teaching. Almost all professors taught at the 5% level.

The Defile's numbers showed that only the Chemistry Department takes its teaching responsibilities seriously; full Chemistry professors spend 74% more of their time teaching chemistry than do professors in any other department. Such departments as XVIII and VIII devote a constant proportion of professors to teaching, no matter how rank.

As of spring, 1970, 49% of all MIT professors were given the first degree by the Institute. Only 5% recovered.

# Nothing a paper bag wouldn't fix



before after

Bags, Inc.

This ad exploits women.



I'm Chuck.  
 Buy me.



Isn't she beautiful? Not the elfin figure on the left. He's only our founder and chief executive, world famous gyro Dr. Charles Stick Dropper. We're talking about the little baby on the right. She's classified at the moment, but we can tell you this: a lot of people who've been getting away with the abominable crime against nature are going to be real surprised when our domestic version of the MTI radar starts looking through today's flimsy apartment walls.

You know, the war's almost over, and along with our returning GI's a lot of technology's going to come home, too — someday, when the Department of Defense gets around to declassifying it. While you're waiting for that (or for another Dan Ellsberg to come along), why not take advantage now of the expertise and skill of the team that pioneered the electronic battlefield — Dropper Labs, Ltd.

As a recent article in *Newsweek* magazine pointed out, technologies originally developed for military purposes have already begun to yield useful products on the domestic front. For example, an electronic detection system will soon prevent illegal crossings of the Canadian border by unauthorized emigrants, eliminating this source of constant irritation to our northern neighbor. The White House is now protected by a computer-

controlled laser defense system against attack by armed weatherpigeons. And just recently, a New York City policeman was able to prevent the pollution of a Central Park reservoir by a urinating derelict with just one shot from his supersniper-scope-equipped M-18 service machine pistol.

We at Dropper have already demonstrated our ability to tackle domestic projects. Our Civil Disturbance Control System (CDCS) has proved so effective in reducing demonstrations over the past two years that the Army has been able to lease all of its Mark XXXVI-B Quadruped Shitkickers to HUD, where they are hastening the demolition of urban slum areas.

Defense contracts are in short supply these days, so we're finding ourselves with a lot of down time on our hands. Time that could be yours. How about it? No doubt your company or police department has a problem that can be solved with Dropper technology.

The Dropper team is ready to research for you, but hurry, time-sharing is limited. Act now! Fifty million will get you our entire research team for a full year; fifty thousand buys us for the night.

Address requests to: Dropper Labs, 68 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Ask for Chuck!



ROPPER LABS, LTD.

A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

# Minazian scores thrice!!!

By Wassermann Loveletter

The butt trick — three scores in one night by one person — is an extreme rarity in the annals of MIT sport, where three scores per night is a respectable team effort. Thus there was good cause for jubilation Sunday morning at the DU house when Nakir Minazian '72 limped into port after a triumphant night on the Boston-Cambridge cruising circuit.

Minazian began his rally late Friday afternoon in the office of the Dean for Student Affairs, where he received several affairs from Dean Dick Sorry, son. After fortifying himself with a nourishing Twenty Chimneys "training table" dinner of high-carbohydrate french fries and singed raw hamburger, washed down with copious draughts of Gatorade, Minazian proceeded to the Money Board office and

withdrew \$60 from petty cash.

Acting on a tip from Sorry, son, he hopped a bus to Harvard Square, where he completed his first score: three gallons of the fabled Old Panther Piss at \$1.98 a gallon. The Panther Piss, unfortunately, proved unpalatable, but after clearing his bladder Minazian rebounded when he returned to the Square and completed a successful forward pass, to an underage Harvard freshman, at \$18 a gallon.

The night was still young, though. With \$49.06 on the scoreboard, Minazian took time out and returned briefly to MIT. There the former ace sports editor of *The Daily Reamer* sat down at a typewriter to compose his weekly column for the syndicate, "Handwarmer."

He began writing a critical piece scoring the administration's refusal to divert funds from the Education Research

Center to the hockey team, but, still reeling from the Old Panther Piss, he was unable to concentrate long enough to finish.

The old ethics of character building, winning for Old Tech, and winning and getting the girl no longer worked as motivators. Minazian's failure to follow through on this attempt left the score standing at \$49.06. Snatching up two reviewer's tickets to a Washington Street moviehouse, he set out on the MBTA and careened into Boston at 9 pm.

Now Minazian began to turn on the steam. Cutting a blazing figure through several bars, I.M. Loew's Suck Theatre complex, and a fortune-telling establishment at the edge of Chinatown, Minazian bought off his second score of the night.

He awoke at dawn in an alley off Stuart Street, hung over and missing his wallet. He staggered back to the DU house, where he recounted his frenzied drive to the cheers of his enthusiastic brothers, who bodily removed him to the furnace room, where he could rest and nurse his inflamed prostate.

Next day a severe burning pain indicated that Minazian had picked up an unexpected goal. MIT Medical Department officials confirmed the score, and with that Minazian's winning streak ended.

Minazian's butt trick is a record for recent-memory Mon-Board chairmen who are double majoring in X and XIV. Interestingly enough, it was the first time in four years at the Institute that Minazian had scored.

Minazian faces penicillin injections at the Infirmary today, tomorrow, and twice a week thereafter.



\$25.00, too damn much? Minazian prepares for his second score.

Photo anonymous

## JOCK



Recently-injured rookie trivet Pie Seez '74 examines his detached member before Tuesday's practice session. According to coach Byron Grunch, Seez should be able to play in Sunday's game.

Photo courtesy Sam's Bag of Wind Inc.

## Trivet loses phalange in ridiculous jock story

By I.T. Broak

Pie Seez '74, MIT's highly-touted sophomore trivet, lost a rear phalange in an accident during a practice session Monday.

The mishap occurred when teammate Don Izzy '72 attempted to assist Seez in sliding onto the table. "Iz" caused Seez to come in at so great an angle that he landed with a severe impact. The jolt caused a complete separation of the joint.

Despite the injury Seez has not missed a play this year. According to coach Byron Grunch, the only evidence of the injury is a broad scar, though Seez still looks "a bit green around the gills." This is expected to disappear soon.

Seez now plays with only two of his original four phalanges, as this is his second dismemberment. A childhood exposure to an overdose of rhetoric caused the first incident. Attempts to restore the appendage resulted in seriously weakening it, and it gave out under the pressure of the fall season.

Many in the MIT sports world

Enemies getting you down?  
You need a professional

RUB - OUT

That is safe, reliable  
and inexpensive.

Liberal discounts given  
to MIT Students during  
the Price Freeze  
Broken arms: \$100 (2 for  
\$150); Acid in the face:  
Nitric \$75, Citric 75 cents

Call 26M-AFLA and ask for  
Nick. Satisfaction is assured:  
No client has ever returned to  
us with a complaint.

A professional  
ABORTION  
that is unsafe,  
illegal &  
expensive

can be procured in a  
shabby tenement by calling  
Mothers' Interuterine  
Terminations Corp.  
(617) 864-6900

24 hours — 7 days  
for professional, secretive,  
and grasping help.

had, at the time, doubted that Seez could make it with only three phalanges have been amazed by his performance so far. Coach Grunch says he is holding up very well under the heat and pressure and there has been no noticeable decline in his performance. Rival scouts, however, note that Seez has not yet been called upon to handle any of the big plays. They feel that the loss of range and dexterity he has suffered will keep him from developing into one of the all-time greats.

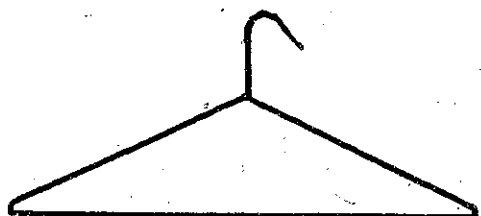
Before his accident, many people were calling him the best trivet at MIT since the great Az Bestos '52, despite the fact that he is still green. Bestos also had to overcome handicaps in his career, as his thinness made him vulnerable in the hot spot.

Trainer Jacques Healed said that an operation to restore Seez's missing phalange or to replace it with a prosthetic one was contemplated. As there is no one in the area with the requisite training and equipment for this type of procedure, he is considering sending Seez to New York, where specialists at Beth Cohen Hospital have pioneered the techniques of phalangeal replacement.

Local orthopedists say the operation has a much better chance of success than did the earlier one, as this type of procedure usually is more effective for adults.

However, Healed said, the decision would be delayed for the time being, as Seez has showed little impairment in practice.

## Norturnal Aviation announces its new enterprise Brass Rat Abortion



## Referral Service

Now there is no need to make that journey to NYC — have our well-trained staff of Course XX majors do the deed in the privacy of your own bedroom. In addition to the expected "education" you get the satisfaction of knowing that you've helped ease the crushing burden of another student's tuition.

"Run by Tech tools for Tech fools"

Call 864-6900 extension 4969 and ask Gene Paul for details.

Wednesday, February 2, 1972  
Second-rate postage unpaid at Boston, Massachusetts. The Daily Reamer is published illegally once or twice a year by The Daily Reamer, Room W20-483, MIT Stud Center, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. Telephone: Area Code 617 864-6900 extension 1542 or 1543. United States Mail subscriptions are unavailing.